Problematic

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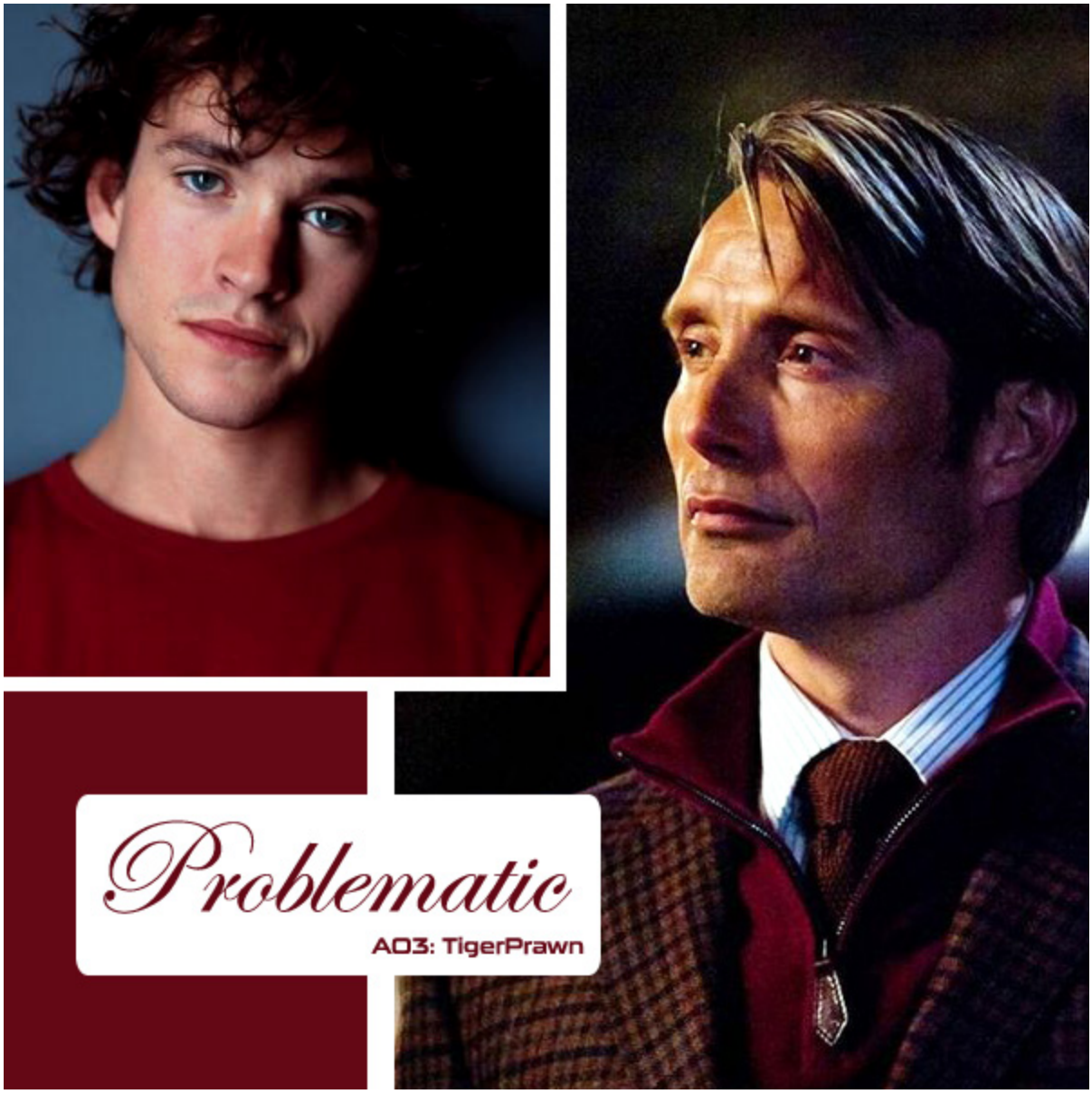
by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal finds an unexpected connection with his contractor's son.



“Don’t mind him, sir.” Bill Graham waved Will off with a dismissive hand as he looked up at the man who had just stepped out into the garden. “Just my son, Will. Helping out whilst he’s on his summer break.”

Hannibal nodded and looked over at the young man, perhaps in his senior year of high school. His dark curls were unkempt and fell forward over his eyes, giving him something to hide behind. Although slight, he was toned and tanned, and Hannibal got the impression that that was from helping his dad with physical labour rather than from sporting activities.

“In fact, if it’s alright with you,” Bill Graham continued, “I’m gonna leave him to get on with some weeding whilst I pick up some more supplies.”

“Of course,” Hannibal replied.

He had not long moved into the Baltimore townhouse and so far Mr Graham had been the most reliable of the contractors he'd had in. He'd initially come in to fix some of the plumbing, having apparently learned the trade whilst working on boats. But when he'd said he would also be able to take care of the basic landscaping before he hired someone else to come in to do the real work of it, Hannibal had agreed. It would be cheaper to have the garden cleared first, but that wasn't much concern to Hannibal. He was simply happy to work with reliable workers and men of integrity.

As the agreement was given, Hannibal noticed young Will look up at him, crystal blue eyes peeking out from behind tousled hair. There was no denying that the young man was beautiful, the sort of beautiful often found in ancient art. He could be a muse for any number of Greek or Roman artists, plying their skills to marble and bronze.

Hannibal didn't miss the way Will's cheeks pinked up just a little as their eyes met.

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One coy look, that was all it had taken. That was when it all started, Hannibal realised when thinking back on it.

Increasingly, Bill Graham left his son whilst he went to other jobs, which Hannibal had happily agreed to. If anything, Hannibal tried to make the most of the time, knowing that there was only so much more that could be done before there was no more work for the Graham's.

He encouraged Will to take breaks, making lemonade and iced tea in the US style. Will would stop and drag his shirt up to mop the sweat from his brow, displaying his lithe body and making Hannibal's cock twitch.

There was something about this boy, something Hannibal was finding irresistible. And that was unexpected.

Hannibal hadn't let anyone close for years. He had many acquaintances, many people in his life but no real close friends. His lifestyle didn't allow for it. It certainly didn't allow for the complication of a young man half his age and likely not even legal. Possibly not even interested in men.

Hannibal remembered the coy look and corrected that. He was sure there was something there, why else would he have blushed?

That look was his undoing, and he had to take a moment to reflect on that.

He had never been attracted to a younger person before, certainly never someone as young as Will Graham. And yet he was hungry for the boy. He felt something strange between them, something he wanted to call a connection but wondered if he was simply deluding himself.

Until one day the reason for that feeling became clear.

Will had spent the morning pulling brambles from the corner of the overgrown garden and now he raked over the ground, pulling up any stragglers.

If Hannibal had not been looking, studying, *lusting* after the boy, then he might not have seen what happened next.

The way Will moved so quickly, a sharp movement and then a short squeal.

Hannibal blinked and swallowed. He opened the glass door and stepped quietly into the garden, moving stealthily until he was behind Will and able to look down at what had happened. At the rat that Will had caught on his rake.

That might have been explainable - after all he had been charged with clearing the garden and it stood to reason he might reflexively catch an interloping rodent.

What wasn't as easy to excuse was the way Will had twisted the rake. With no real emotion on his face that Hannibal could discern, Will twisted again and there was a crunch as the rat was torn in half. Will looked at it unblinking.

"Interesting," Hannibal commented.

Only then did Will realise that Hannibal was there, he turned quickly with a gasp. Wide-eyed, he looked up at Hannibal.

"Please don't tell my dad." He asked immediately, panic in his voice.

"Did you enjoy it?" Hannibal asked, his own tone level. "Tell me truthfully."

"N-no…" Will stuttered and shook his head and Hannibal wasn't sure how much of the emotion in his words was real. Certainly, any concern or fear was over being caught and nothing more.

"Truthfully." Hannibal reiterated and Will blinked up at him for a moment and then nodded slowly. "How did it make you feel?"

"Powerful," Will replied, his eyes burning now. Liquid fire piercing Hannibal's and making his own body come aflame.

And that was it. The reason.

In that moment Hannibal understood his attraction for what it was. That Will's age, his status, his gender, everything about him in that sense was irrelevant. What mattered was what he was on the inside. What he might become.

That despite their differences in age and wealth and many other aspects, they could be equals in this one way. And that was something Hannibal realised he had been longing for.

"Would you like a lemonade?" Hannibal offered, gesturing towards the house.

Will blinked, cocked his head to study Hannibal for just a moment and then nodded and started towards the house.

*

Hannibal let out a long, deep breath as he pushed into Will's tight, hot body. The boy was under him, face down in his expensive pillows.

"Doctor…" Will sighed as he stretched out beneath him, his hands fisting the sheets.

"You'll be my undoing, you beautiful little monster…" Hannibal muttered against Will's neck as he slowly drew back and then pushed forward again.

Will buried his groan in the pillow and arched against Hannibal as he continued to slide in and out of him, loosening and relaxing by increments.

It had taken long weeks to build to this.

Iced tea and lemonade. Sandwiches and snacks. Letting Mr Graham know that he was happy for Will to continue on with some other odd jobs around the house and garden that he was capable of - same rates of pay.

Glances. Light touches. A soft kiss when Will killed a second rat.

It was Will who kissed him one afternoon after lunch. Hannibal hadn't wanted to push, with Will being so young. But he couldn't deny that he wanted him despite his youthfulness.

The thought of taking Will's virginity made him feel a heat inside that he never had before. But he held back for weeks until finally Will had come to him. When Will had worked until after the landscapers had left for the day, still grubby from cleaning out the attic space, he found Hannibal in his study and climbed into his lap.

The kiss had been passionate and desperate on both sides and Will had pawed at Hannibal's clothes until they began to come loose. When Hannibal couldn't take it any longer he lifted Will up and carried him upstairs.

It had taken moments to strip them both of their clothes and push Will down onto his lithe belly.

It had been a hurried but thorough preparation that had made Will whine and writhe until finally Hannibal had buried himself to the hilt.

"Doctor Lecter…" Will sighed out the words and then moaned low and long. There was no doubt how much he was enjoying the act itself, but Hannibal wondered whether they were both enjoying it on the same level. Not just the physical, but that deeper connection they shared.

Hannibal needed to know.

He pulled out in one quick motion, leaving Will whimpering as Hannibal easily flipped him onto his back. Will was panting, his small chest rising and falling as he watched Hannibal with wide eyes.

He settled back over the boy, eyes locked now as he pushed back inside him. Will's face held the most thrilling expression, one that made his pleasure obvious. Completely raw and unfaked emotion that made clear, like Hannibal, Will was no simple sociopath.

"I want you to hunt with me," Hannibal murmured the words as he continued to slowly push in and pull out. He felt Will clench around him. "Let me teach you how to kill."

Will let out a little cry, his smaller cock pulsing between them as he spilled come on his belly.

"Is that what you want?" Hannibal growled, fists clenching in the sheets as Will's tight body grew impossibly tighter.

"Yes, Doctor Lecter." Will gasped out the words, as he shook beneath Hannibal, a few more pulses of come escaping from him.

Hannibal grunted as he leaned in, taking Will's mouth in a hard kiss as he thrust harder and deeper until - with a guttural moan and another cry from Will - he spilled hot and deep inside the boy.

"I'll teach you everything, my cunning boy." Hannibal panted as he held himself above Will, softening within him, needing him desperately in his world. Somehow. He didn't know how he would keep them together, at least until Will was old enough for them to be something more.

"You'll be my everything." Hannibal muttered, breathless. And Will's smile stole his heart. He would make this work, no matter how problematic that might prove.

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